

THE 7 WEIRD TALES OF THE MAN-MACHINE ARE IN THIS ISSUE

NIGHTMARE

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NO. 18

APRIL

1978

A SKYWALK
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION

BENEATH
THE GRAVES
OF THE
LIVING DEAD
IS
HELL!



A SKYWALD PUBLISHED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MACABRE COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

NUMBER 16 APRIL 1974

COVER ARTIST: JAD

...in this issue...

THE **VAMPIRE**
CESAR

THE
WEREWOLF
BUSH

THE **CREEP**
JESUS DURAN

THE **DEAD**
THINGS
RICARDO VILLAMONTE

THE **VULTURE**
COLLADO

THE
ANCIENT-ONE
RICARDO VILLAMONTE

AND THE

THING
IN THE
SPACE
EMILIO

ALRIGHT...
IT'S LIFTED...
NOW WHAT
MR. CRAW?

NIGHTMARE IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED BIANCHALLY. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE: 75¢ PER COPY. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY HABLE NEWS.

...WELCOME...

...IN THIS ISSUE WE PRESENT THE
7 TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE...
NOW YOU MIGHT THINK THAT I AM
THE MAN-MACABRE, THIS IS NOT
SO! YOU'LL MEET THE MAN-
MACABRE AS YOU REACH THE
7TH TALE WHERE HE'LL WEEDY
WRAP ALL THE STORIES TOGETHER
INTO A **ROSET** OF HORROR...

...I, IN FACT AM YOUR ARCHVAY
SCHOKE! **WOOF** HERE ONLY TO
NARRATE THE **1ST** TALE...



"HAVE YOU EVER READ A GOOD (OR BAD) **VAMPIRE STORY** AND
THOUGHT TO YOURSELF, 'NOW THAT'S NOT THE WAY THE **VAMPIRE**
SHOULD HAVE **DIED**... THERE'S A MUCH **BETTER WAY**.' ACTUALLY
THAT'S ALL A GOOD VAMPIRE TALE **IS**... A GOOD **DEATH**
SEQUENCE AT THE **END**..."



"...SO, IN ORDER TO GIVE YOU A **CHOICE** IN THE SELECTION
OF A **GOOD ENDING** OUR FIRST TALE PRESENTS A
ALTERNATE (CHOICE ONE) DEATH SCENE... AND
YOU CAN BE THE **JUDGE** OF WHICH ONE IS THE **BEST**...
IT ALL STARTS ON PAGE 4.

THE 7 TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE

"...FIRST...LET US BEGIN WITH A **TRADITIONAL 'MURDER TALE'**... OPENING. **THIS...** IS THE **WARRIOR...** HIS **NAME** IF YOU NEED A NAME, IS **COUNT ORLOCK...** AND HE'S AT THE **MOMENT** FLEEING HOME TO HIS **CWISTLE**, FOR THE **DAMN** IS **ROBBER...**"



"...SECOND...LET US MEET THE **VICTIM**...WHO IS NOT A **VICTIM**, THE **POOR** **SIR, ORLOCK** TRANSFORMED INTO ONE OF THE **LIVING DEAD**... AND HER NAME, IF YOU WISH TO KNOW, IS **ANNE...**"



"...**ANNE** IS THE **DAUGHTER** OF THE TOWN-SWAIN-KEEPER AND THE **BETROTHED** OF THE YOUNG MAN **DAVID** WHO ARE EVIL AT THE **MOMENT** PURSUING **ORLOCK** AS HE FLEES THEIR **VENGEANCE...**"



"THREE... HE ENTERED THROUGH THE **FRONT DOOR**... IT MUST BE A **HIDDEN ENTRANCE** TO HIS **CRYPT...**"

NOW THAT WE KNOW THE STORY... LET'S GET RIGHT INTO THE **ENDING...** THE **VARIOUS WAYS** THAT THESE **2 MEN** MIGHT ATTEMPT TO KILL **COUNT ORLOCK**; OTHERWISE **KNOW AS...**



THE VAMPIRE

WRITTEN BY ALAN BOWTHORN ILLUSTRATED BY BOB



... KILL! ...

... HERE IT IS...
... IT'S A HIDDEN
LATCH... THE
FLOOR IS
MOVING...



AAAAA STAKE STAKE



THEN... TWO
HE TURNED
YOU INTO A
VAMPIRE
YOU STILL HAVE
CONTROL
OF YOUR
SENSES?

OH YES DAVID YES... HE
MADE ME INTO A **PIREND**...
AND I NEEDED REVENGE
UPON MY MURDERER JUST
AS YOU DO...



ANNE...

I WILL PROTECT
YOU MY NEW LOVE...
WHILE YOU SLEEP
I WILL GUARD
YOU FROM THOSE
WEAK MORTALS...

DAUGHTER... WHAT
ARE YOU SAYING?
WE ARE YOUR LOVED
ONES, NOT THAT
MONSTER...

THE VAMPIRE IS
DEAD... A STAKE
THROUGH HIS
HEART BUT
BUT HOW?

I DID IT... TO PROTECT
YOU... I HAD A STAKE IN
THE BACK OF HIS COFFIN
WHEN HE CLIMBED INTO THE
COFFIN HE RESTED HIS
ARCH OF HIS BACK
DIRECTLY ON THE
STAKE...



DON'T WORRY
ANNE... WE
WILL HELP
YOU OVER-
COME YOUR
AFFLICTION...

...WITH OUR
LOVE...

... YES...
YES...



GOOD
LORD!

DO NOT
DARE ENTER
THIS CRYPT
MORTALS...
MY
DEVOTED
VAMPIRES
WILL PROTECT
ME FROM
YOU IN A
WAY YOU
WILL
REGRET...

...THAT WAS
ONE POSSIBLE
DEATH...
NOW LET'S
TRY FOR
KILL#2...

ANNE... ANNE... WHAT HAS
COME OVER YOU... HAVE
YOU NO MIND OF YOUR
OWN LEFT?

...I DON'T
KNOW...

ANNE... FOR
GOD'S SAKE...
IN THE NAME OF
THE LOVE WE
ONCE SHARED...
...STOP THEM...

ANNE... YOU
SACRIFICED YOUR
LIFE FOR US...

...THIS WAS NOT
A LIFE DAVID...
IT WAS A
LIVING DEATH...
I GAVE UP
NOTHING...
...KILL DRLOCK
NOW DAVID...
NOW... WHILE
YOU HAVE THE
CHANCE...

AAAAAEEEEAAAAHHH



SO ONE
2ND KILL
ENDS IN
ANOTHER
INTERESTING
DEATH...

...BUT TWO WAYS TO DIE ARE NOT ENOUGH...

...HERE, NOW IS KILL #3...

OH MY
GOD...
ANNE...

MY
DAUGHTER...
WHAT IS HE
DOING
TO YOU?

I'LL KILL
YOU ORLOCK!

...I KILL YOU
AS EASILY AS
I KILL A
FLY...

USAH!

FATHER!

YOU
FOOL...

YOU MAY KILL A
RASH OLD MAN
ORLOCK...
...BUT HE WAS A GOOD MAN... AND A
GOOD FATHER TO ANNE...
...AND I WILL AVENGE HIS DEATH...



...WITH THAT **CROSS**?
...YOU WORSHIP **STUPID**
SUPERSTITIONS MORTAL
IF YOU BELIEVE IN THE
MYTH THAT A **CROSS**
CAN KILL A **VAMPIRE**...

...THAT **STORY**
ABOUT A **CROSS**
KILLING A **VAMPIRE**
IS IS NOTHING BUT
MYTHOLOGICAL
FAP...

..NO IT
CAN'T CRACK...

AAH!

UGH...
YOU'RE
CHOKING
ME...

THERE IS MORE
THAN ONE WAY TO
KILL A **VAMPIRE**
WITH A **CROSS**...

...BUT YOU **DAVID**...

...YOU **DIED** AS DO MY DEAR **FATHER** IN A
FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO **SAVE** ME...

...BUT YOU COULD **NOT** SAVE ME **DAVID**. FOR I AM
ONE OF THE **LIVING DEAD** AND AM **DOOMED**
BY THE RITE OF **CRACK** TO AN **ETERNAL**
UNLIFE...

...EVEN AS I
AM **ANNE**...

DAVID!

...AS YOU **SAW**...
CRACK. SO **DOOMED**
ME ALSO **ANNE**...

...AT LEAST...WE ARE
DOOMED TOGETHER
ANNE...

...NOW...FOR THE **WEIRDEST KILL** OF THEM ALL... **KILL#4...**



STAY WHERE YOU **STAND NOW** MORTALS...
...IF YOU APPROACH AS MUCH AS **AN INCH**
TOWARD ME, I WILL **KILL** YOUR **BELLOVED ANNE...**

LISTEN TO ME AND **LISTEN** WILL...
IF YOU DO NOT **VAUGHN** WITHIN AN
INSTANT...
...I WILL **DRIVE** THIS **KNIFE**
THROUGH HER **HEART...**

...DON'T **LISTEN** TO HIM...
HE'S **ALREADY** KILLED ME...
...I AM NOT **ALIVE...** THIS **UNDEATH**
I NOW **ENDURE** IS NOT **LIFE...**
...I AM **DEAD** BUT NOT YET **BURNED...**

...ARE YOU **FOOLISH**
ENOUGH TO **LISTEN** TO
THIS **PRATTLE?**...
...THO **UNDEAD...** SHE IS AT
LEAST **PHYSICALLY ALIVE...**
...WOULD YOU RATHER SEE HER REMAIN
AT LEAST AS **ALIVE** AS SHE IS NOW?
...OR WOULD YOU RATHER SEE HER
ROTTING IN A **WRETCHED**
GRAVE?

YOU LEAVE US **NO**
CHOICE YOU MONSTER...
...YOU HAVE **WON...**
...WE WILL **WITHDRAW...**





THEY DO NOT
HAVE TO MAKE
A CHOICE. GRLOCK...
...IT IS EASIER FOR
ME TO MAKE IT...

WHAT?



SHE **KILLED**
HERSELF!

NO DAVID... SHE
KILLED **HERSELF**
AND GRLOCK...

...THE KNIFE SHE **PULLED**
INTO HER **OWN HEART**
WENT RIGHT **THROUGH** HER
AND PIERCED THE **FILTHY**
HEART OF GRLOCK ALSO...

...SO ENDS THE 4
DEATH SCENES, EACH
POTENTIALLY PRESENTABLE
AS A TALE IN ITS OWN
RIGHT...

...IT SHOULD NOW BE
OBVIOUS WHY WE CALL
THESE TALES **MACABRE**...

...FOR **MACABRE**
CHOKES IS THE ONLY
WORD **APPLICABLE**...





WELCOME... I
AM DR. MANN
...AND YOU
ARE?...

DR. WESTCOTT,
SIR... I WAS RECOM-
MENDED HERE BY
THE STATE
DEPARTMENT...

YES... YES YOU
WERE, I KNOW...
WELCOME,
DR. WESTCOTT...
WE WELCOME...
WE WELCOME...
WELCOME TO
OUR ASYLUM...



THE 7 TALES of the MAN-MACABRE "THE WEREWOLF"

DOCTOR...
DOCTOR...
A PATIENT IS
LOOSE... HE'S
FREE...

...OH, GOD...







...THIS IS A NIGHT
OF THE FULL
MOON...

...AND ON SUCH
A NIGHT...



...SUCH A MAN...



...CHANGES INTO
A BEAST...





THERE HE IS...
THERE HE IS...
GET HIM...

GOOD LORD...
HE'S...HE'S...
A BEAST!

...A WEREWOLF IF YOU
WISH TO BE MORE
CORRECT, WESTCOTT...



COME...LET'S
RETURN TO THE
ASYLUM...MY MEN
WILL HAVE HIM IN
HAND SHORTLY...

...IT IS RARE
SOMEONE ESCAPES
FROM THESE
WALLS...WE WILL
HAVE AN INVESTIGATION
TO FIND
OUT WHY ELTON
ESCAPED...



BUT DR. MANN...HE
WAS A WEREWOLF...I
REALIZE THIS IS AN
ASYLUM BUT A WERE-
WOLF IS NO ORDINARY
LUNATIC, SIR...



...NO...



NOBODY IN THIS
ASYLUM IS ORDINARY
THAT YOU'LL SOON FIND
OUT, YOUNG MAN...

LET ME TAKE YOU ON A TOUR
OF THIS PLACE AND I'LL SHOW
YOU WHAT I MEAN...





THE WHIMPERING
FOOL IN THE CORNER
OF THIS CELL IS
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
DEATH OF MORE THAN
30 PEOPLE...

...HE IS...A
WERE-VAMPIRE...



...THERE ARE 14 FLOORS
IN THIS ASYLUM... 4
CELLS ON EACH FLOOR
...AND EVERY CELL IS
OCCUPIED... THAT MAKES
56 PATIENTS WHO ARE
MORE THAN A LITTLE
ABNORMAL...

A
WHAT?

A
WERE-VAMPIRE
...LET ME TELL
YOU HIS
STORY...

...HIS NAME IS WATSON-WHYTE... ONLY A
YEAR AGO, AN ENGLISH LORD, A WELL-RESPECTED
MEMBER OF BRITISH SOCIETY... HE HAD MONEY
...AND A LUST FOR POWER...



...HE VISITED EGYPT TO
ACQUIRE OIL RIGHTS WHICH
WOULD ENHANCE HIS FORTUNE
...WHEN HE MET A MOST
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
WOMAN...



...HE FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH HER...THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS UNDER A FULL AND BEAUTIFUL MOON...



WHAT WATSON-WHYTE DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT HE WAS NOT THE FIRST MOONLIGHT LOVER OF THIS WOMAN...AS HER SKIN TURNED GREY, THEN BROWN...



...AND WITH A SUDDEN FEROCIOUS GROWL HER BODY WAS COVERED WITH MATTED HAIR...HER EYES BECAME RED...AND...



...SHE BECAME A WERE-WOMAN...AND VIOLENTLY ATTACKED WATSON-WHYTE TAKIN' HIM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE...



...BUT WHAT SHE DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT WATSON-WHYTE WAS ALREADY UNDEAD, THO' OF ANOTHER FASHION...





HE SEEMED TO LOSE COMPLETE CONTROL OF HIS MIND... HIS POWER WAS NOW DOUBLED BUT HE WAS MAD, HE SAVAGELY KILLED THE GIRL...



...THEN TORE HALF OF CAIRO APART BEFORE HE WAS OVERPOWERED BY POLICEMEN...



THEN HE WAS BROUGHT HERE!

...WHY HERE? WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS ASYLUM...



THIS ASYLUM IS VERY SPECIAL INDEED...

...BECAUSE EVERY MADMAN HEREIN IS...NOT REALLY MAD...BUT REALLY JUST MISFITS...

MISFITS?...

WEREWOLVES... VAMPIRES... GHOULS OF SOME SORT OR OTHER...

...BEYOND THE LAW...THE GOVERNMENTS OF MANY COUNTRIES SUPPORT THIS ASYLUM, WESTCOTT...AS A DUMPING PLACE FOR SUCH... GHOULS WHO CANNOT BE BROUGHT TO COURT WITHOUT TOO MUCH PUBLICITY... THEY ARE SENTENCED AND BROUGHT HERE TO DIE WITHOUT TRIAL...



WHO IS HE?
WHY IS HIS SKIN SO
DISEASED?



...IT IS NOT DISEASED...
IT IS CHANGED...HIS SKIN
IS XERODERMATIC...

...HE WAS A CATTLE
RANCHER...AND ONE
DAY WAS RIDING HIS
RANGE WHEN HE FELL
FROM HIS HORSE AND
WAS BITTEN BY SOME
UNKNOWN LIZARD...



...IT'S
WHAT?



...SCALY...LIKE A LIZARD.
HE IS ELWIN FEUD, FROM
ARIZONA, A DESERT STATE
IN FACT, AS YOU KNOW
NO DOUBT...

...NOT KNOWING WHAT VENOM POISONED
HIM THE DOCTORS WERE UNABLE TO COME
WITH HIS STRANGE PARALYTIC DISEASE
WHICH BROUGHT HIM NEAR DEATH WITHIN
A FEW WEEKS...



...BUT IT WAS HIS WIFE, WHO, LEARNING
OF AN OBSCURE CURE-ALL SERUM IN INDIA
HAD AN INJECTION SHIPPED TO THE ARIZONA
DOCTORS, WHO THRUST THE UNKNOWN
SUBSTANCE INTO HIS VEINS...



...IT HAD A POWERFUL EFFECT... BROUGHT HIM TO LIFE... BUT HIS SKIN BECAME SCALY AS YOU SEE IT NOW AND WHEN THE MOON RISES HE GROWS ABUNDANT HAIR AS WOULD A WEREWOLF...



...HE IS...A WERE-LIZARD...



DR. MAHN... THIS IS ALL VERY INCREDIBLE...

...AND THESE HORROR-MOVIE NAKES YOU HAVE FOR YOUR PATIENTS IS ALMOST BEYOND COMPREHENSION...



PERHAPS WE ARE A BIT MELODRAMATIC HERE, WESTCOTT...

...YOU WILL BE TOO, AFTER AWHILE HERE...



CHIEF OF STAFF
DR. JAMES MANN

HOW IS IT YOU
KEEP SUCH EASY
CONTROL OVER
SUCH BEASTS
DOCTOR?...

...YOU CAPTURED
THAT...WEREWOLF
TODAY WITH
MUCH EASE...

OH, COME
NOW, WESTCOTT,
YOU KNOW
THE ANSWER
TO THAT...

...NO...
I DON'T...
REALLY...



HOW NAIVE
DO YOU
THINK I AM,
WESTCOTT...



WHY NOT
AT ALL SIR,
BUT I...

COME NOW...
WHY WERE YOU FIRED
FROM YOUR LAST
POSITION?

I
WASN'T
FIRED AT
ALL...I
SIMPLY...

RUBBISH!!

NOW, LISTEN,
DR. MANN,
I SIMPLY...



DON'T FEED
ME THAT RUBBISH...
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU
ARE...HOW AS A
MEDICAL MAN YOU'VE
TRIED TO FIGHT YOUR
LUSTS...

NO...NO...

ADMIT IT,
WESTCOTT...

...COME ON...
ADMIT WHAT
YOU ARE...





YOU
FOOL, MANN...
YOU SEE
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE?

...PULL
HIM OFF ME
QUICKLY!



WE KNOW YOU
ARE A WEREWOLF,
WESTCOTT...WE
KNOW...

THE STATE
DEPARTMENT ALSO
KNOWS...THAT'S WHY
YOU'RE HERE...YOU ARE NOT
A FIEND...MERELY A MAN
WITH A DISEASE...YOU
FIGHT YOUR DISEASE, DON'T
YOU, WESTCOTT?



...AS WE
ALL DO HERE...WE
WORK TOWARDS CURES
FOR OUR PATIENTS...

...AND FOR
OURSELVES...



RELEASE
HIM NOW...
SIT DOWN,
WESTCOTT...

WELCOME TO THE ASYLUM...
YOUR TOUR IS NOW
FINISHED...YOU ARE NOW
A MEMBER OF A VERY
SELECT STAFF

ALL IS OBVIOUS TO YOU
NOW, DR. WESTCOTT...THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE
PATIENTS INSIDE THE CELLS
AND OUTSIDE IN THIS ASYLUM IS
A VERY SMALL MEASURE OF SANITY
...IT IS A THIN
MEASURE,
WESTCOTT...



VERY...
VERY
THIN...

...THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG...

HORROR-MOOD MINI HORRORS

... we're pleased to announce the winners of HORROR MOOD HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST #2 - JEFF BORDEN of Sauk City, Wisconsin - HOWARD SHERBROOKE of Verdun, Quebec - TONY ANCHES of Houston, Texas - FRANK JORDAN of Brooklyn, New York and JOHN B. O'NE of Upland, UTICA, New York ... you've already received your advance copies of PSYCHO #17 ... special horror-mood mention goes to RICHARD NIXON of Washington, D.C. whose entry would have won for great imagination, but of the 9 voice balloons on the page only 7 were filled in - the other 2 balloons were not only not filled in, but they didn't exist ...

... for imagination above and beyond the call of chains, we'd like to credit the exciting entries of certain other people who now have their contest entries posted up on our HORROR-MOOD BULLETIN BOARD in the office - JACQUELINE WHITE CLOUD of Mary College (S.C.) Blomark, North Dakota, TOM GUNN of Upper Darby, Penn., J.D. SUNT-KER of Fort Pargo, North Carolina, CYNTHIA SUPER of Haddon, Penn., JIMMY PALMER of Port Chester, N.Y., BILLY MILLER of Quincy Mass., MARK KILBURN of Alexander, Arkansas and CLIFFORD ROBERSON of New Orleans, Louisiana ... and our thanks to the hundreds and hundreds of other entries we received ...

... ah - incidentally - several people have asked us why we just sometimes LIST names (like we just did) - it sure makes for boring reading to those whose names are NOT on said list. Well ... it's a simple reason ... we try to make these letters/ editorial pages YOUR pages ... we try to give a 'cross-section' of the mail we receive, particularly focusing on your most interesting letters ... but whenever a contest comes along, or a 'vote' or some such write-in 'couple' - only a very FEW people get their ideas printed ... like the winners names in a contest for example ... so we try to give a few of the

names of the best-runners up for imagination, just to let you know that we appreciate absolutely all the mail we receive ... that we read and evaluate your ideas ... and finally, the when you WRITE, we know who YOU, our readers, ARE ... ALL EVERYTHING ISSUES

"... I've just been introduced to your HORROR-MOOD magazine by a tandem stand which has a fantastic lot of youth for years ... you've written that we should tell you it we like your idea of ALL EVERYTHING ISSUES ... wait, I like this idea - it's great ... one knows exactly what one's gonna get

An art, in an hour of several weeks the masterpiece of horror.



CLASSIC HORRORS



... just published is something called: THE NOW AGE ILLUSTRATED PAPERBACK SERIES, which we'd like to bring to your attention because it isn't available on newsstands and it classic horror turns you on you shouldn't miss this series. ACADEMIC PAPERBACKS have adapted the original classic FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA, TIME MACHINE, DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE and several others into an illustrated format ... and they look pretty good ... with exciting art and true-to-the-original story adaptations. They are available for 78 cents apiece from ACADEMIC PAPERBACKS, Academic Building, New Mill Road, West Haven, Conn. 06516, who will send you a free brochure and order blank if you so request. Many of you have written to us mentioning these free plugs we give to worthy publications, thanking us for introducing them to you that otherwise might never come to your attention. It's our pleasure, it's our only purpose (there are always free plugs we get paid nothing for 'em) to help keep you up on the world of horror. If YOU have a magazine or book you'd like reviewed or plugged on these pages ... drop a line and include a sample of your particular thing to: ARCHAIC EDITORIAL PLUGS, THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 East 41st Street, rm 1801, New York City, N.Y. 10017 ...



...the Horror-Mood is pleased to announce...

NEW FOR '74

TOMB OF HORROR

I WENT TO SEE
HIM... TO KILL HIM...
AND NOTHING WOULD
HAVE PREVENTED ME
FROM THAT ACT...

... at the exact moment you're reading this feature you happen to be an arctic historian in 1923) the SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD TEAM is in the process of putting together the greatest, grandest, wildest horror magazine of the 21st century b' decade of year (choose one) ... it's in your sawlands around May-June so wait it with held breath (unless you happen to be a leper, in which case you'd better SAVE your held breath if you wanna LAST THAT LONG) ...



WONDERING WHERE THE TALES OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

ARE?

... after a delay of some weeks the Macabre HUMAN GARGOYLES series is returning to the HORROR-MOOD pages ... the masterpiece of the word by Archaic AL HEWETSON and Macabre MAELO CINTRON will once again become a regular, every-issue feature in NIGHTMARE - returning in number 17 ... miss it not ...

and the only surprise are the fantastic shock endings in each story ... the best story in PSYCHO #15 was THE 13 DEAD THINGS - weird ...

Todd Adkin

GREED

"... my favorite story in PSYCHO #16 was GREED - both story and art were excellent! Please keep writing stories with MONSTERS in 'em, and bring back the HEAP and FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER - and when you do, put 'em on the cover! The EDGAR ALLAN POE biography was interesting - so was your COMICS OPINION on your letters/additional pages. Does CHRISTOPHER LEE read your horror magazines? I was wondering because of his mention of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES in NIGHTMARE ...

Martin Barbowitz
Far Rockaway, New York

— yep, CHRISTOPHER LEE has read many of the stories recently published in the 3 HORROR-MOOD titles ... anybody who missed the incredible INTERVIEW with this scream screen gentleman can pick up a copy of NIGHTMARE #17 from our ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT —

POE DESCENDANT

"... I've tried the others and I came back to the HORROR-MOOD/ PSYCHO #16 was quite great - the story that grabbed me as the best of the issue was GREED - it was well written and the art was exciting and unusual I am related to EDGAR ALLAN POE and I'm glad to see one publishing corporation doing a lot of his stories

Chris Rocca
Meritt Island, Florida

— just about all the POE stories are currently being illustrated by artists, and will be presented soon ... not only is it our pleasure to adapt and illustrate the works of Entombed Edgar - it's our PRIVILEGE! —

— that's all folks, drop us a line today and let us know what you thought of THE SEVEN WEIRD TALES OF THE MACABRE ... we're DYING to know —

R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL



... THIS IS TALE # 3...

WHY DON'T THEY
LEAVE ME ALONE?

... I ONLY COME INTO TOWN
ONCE A MONTH FOR MY
FOOD SUPPLIES... WHY DO
THEY HAVE TO LOOK AT ME
LIKE I'M A FREAK?

THAT JUST ABOUT ALL CREEP..
THAT ALL YA NEED THIS
MONTH?

... WHY DO YOU
CALL ME CREEP... WHY
DOES EVERYBODY
CALL ME CREEP...

... I COME INTO TOWN
AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE...
I STAY OUT OF EVERYONE'S
WAY... WHY DO THEY MAKE
MATTERS WORSE BY
CALLING ME NAMES?

POKE 'ROUND HERE DON'T
KNOW YOUR REAL
NAME... MUM... THAT'S
WHY THEY CALL YOU
CREEP...

CLARENCE
HUH?... WELL
I GUESS THAT'S
WHY THEY CALL
YA CREEP...

MY REAL
NAME IS
CLARENCE...

... I OBVIOUSLY DON'T BELONG
IN AMONGST OTHER PEOPLE...
... THEY THINK OF ME AS HUMAN
GARBAGE... IF ONLY THEY COULD
REALIZE HOW LITTLE RESPECT I
HAVE FOR THEM... THEY ARE NOT
AS HUMAN AS THEY THINK...

...THEY ALLOWED ME TO
WORK AT KEEPING THE GRAVEYARD
BECAUSE IT GOT ME OUT OF THEIR
SIGHT...
...IT GOT THEM OUT OF
MY SIGHT TOO...



...EXCEPT ON THOSE
OCCASIONS WHEN ONE OF
THEIR KIND DIES...

...THEN THEY COME OUT
HERE WEeping AND
FEELING SORRY FOR
THEMSELVES... ON THOSE
OCCASIONS THEY
HAVE KIND
THOUGHTS FOR
ME BECAUSE I
PERFORM THEM A
SERVICE...



...I BURY
THEIR
DEAD...



...NOW
WRETCHED
I AM...

...MY EVERY THOUGHT IS A PETTY
RATIONALIZATION... MY ONLY LUST
IN THIS WORLD IS TO HAVE A DAY OF
VENGEANCE BEFORE I DIE...
...GET BACK AT THEM
SOMEHOW...

...SO STARTS THE TALE
OF ANOTHER... AND
THIS GUY, AS MIGHT
QUICKLY BE REALIZED,
IS ON THE VERY VERGE OF
MADNESS... HE IS!



THE CREEP

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWITSON
ILLUSTRATED BY JERRY DODSON



...NOW WHO'S THIS COMING UP?
...I DON'T RECALL THEM IN TOWN...
AND THEY DON'T EVEN
LOOK LIKE LOCALS
SOMEHOW...

ARE YOU THE
KEEPER OF THIS
GRAVEYARD?

...YES...

...MY NAME'S CRAW.
THIS'S MRS. CRAW, MY
WIFE... WE'VE COME TO
BURY ONE OF OUR
DEAD...



A RELATIVE?

MY POOR
BROTHER!

... BUT YOU'RE
NOT FROM
AROUND HERE...

WE CAME FROM
TOWNBRIDGE...



TOWNBRIDGE? THAT'S 50
MILES AWAY... WHY'D YOU
BRING HIM HERE?

...HE WAS
BORN
HERE...

OH... I
SEE...



...THIS SPOT
LOOKS NICE, DON'T
YOU THINK ROB?

YES...CAN
YOU BURY HIM
HERE?

...YES...
I CAN BURY
HIM HERE...

...WHEN DO YOU WANT
TO HOLD SERVICES...
TOMORROW?



...HE DOESN'T
NEED SERVICES...
JUST BURY HIM...
...BURY HIM RIGHT
HERE AN' RIGHT
NOW...





ALRIGHT...
IT'S LIFTED...
NOW WHAT
MR. CRAW?



NOW YOU JOIN
HIM MY 'DEAR'...

AAAHNOO



MY GOD...
SHE'S...

SHE'S
DEAD... YOU'VE
KILLED HER...
BUT WHY?

...THAT'S MY
BUSINESS... NOW
WHAT'RE YOU
GONNA DO ABOUT
IT CREEP?

WELL I... I...
I HAVE TO GET THE
POLICE!



...NO... YOU DON'T
HAVE TO... IN FACT
I AM GONNA LET
YOU...

...I'M GONNA
GIVE YOU A
CHOICE...



...HERE'S YOUR MONEY...

YOU
ANTICIPATED THE
WHOLE THING?

...YES...
THE WHOLE
THING WAS
A PLAN...



YOU SEE I... I HAD
TO KILL THEM...

... BOTH
OF THEM...

MY BROTHER
AND HER... THEY WERE
...LOVERS...



"... IT STARTED MONTHS AGO...
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT... IT WAS MY FAULT
SHE WAS RUNNING AROUND...
I WAS A NEGLECTFUL
HUSBAND... ALWAYS BURIED IN
MY WORK... AND MY BROTHER
WAS ALWAYS HANGING
AROUND... IT
WAS NATURAL
SHE'D TAKE UP
WITH HIM..."



"... WHEN I FOUND OUT IT WAS TOO
LATE... SHE WAS SO DISTANT FROM
ME... I HAD TO PLOT THEIR DEATH...
I HAD TO... I COULDN'T JUST
WATCH THEM
CARRYING ON
LIKE THAT..."



"... ONE NIGHT AFTER THEY'D PARTED AFTER A
MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS I FOLLOWED MY BROTHER
AS HE WALKED HOME... HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...
I JUST TRAPPED ON THE GAS AND RAN RIGHT
OVER HIM BEFORE HE KNEW THE CAR EVEN HIT
HIM..."



...OF COURSE THE POLICE JUST ASSUMED IT WAS A HIT AND RUN... SO DID MY WIFE... AND I WAS SO VERY VERY UPSET THE POLICE DIDN'T QUESTION ME MORE THAN A MINUTE AT MOST..."



...THAT'S WHY I FABRICATED THE STORY THAT HE WAS BORN HERE... IT WAS AN EXCUSE TO GET US AWAY FROM SUSPICIOUS EYES WHERE I COULD... AH... DO FARTY WITH HER...



BUT HOW DO YOU THINK I'D GO ALONG WITH MURDER?...
...HE... OR ANYONE?...

...THE MONEY...
...MONEY SOLVES EVERYTHING...
...ALMOST EVERYTHING...



WHAT KIND OF WINE IS THIS FELLAH? IT TASTES VERY FUNNY...

...IT'S A CALIFORNIA WINE MR. CRAW...
...EXCEPT I ADDED A LITTLE RAT POISON TO IT...

WHAT?...
WHAT?... YOU DID WHAT?

I SAID, I ADDED A LITTLE RAT POISON TO IT...



OH GOD...
GOD... MY GOD
I'M DYING...



...I KILLED YOU BECAUSE YOU KILLED YOUR BROTHER! I NEVER HAD A BROTHER... OR ANYONE WHO ADMITTED TO BEING A BLOOD RELATIVE...



I KILLED YOU BECAUSE YOU KILLED YOUR WIFE... AND MISTREATED YOUR WIFE...

...I NEVER HAD A WIFE... OR A WOMAN... NO WOMAN WOULD EVER LOOK AT ME TENDERLY OR TOUCH ME LOVINGLY... YOU REJECTED YOUR WIFE'S ATTENTIONS AND WHEN SHE IN TURN REJECTED YOU, THEN YOU SLAUGHTERED HER VICIOUSLY...



...I KILLED YOU BECAUSE YOU FLAUNTED YOUR MONEY. I NEVER HAD ANY MONEY... NOW I HAVE THE MONEY YOU GAVE ME AND ALL THE MONEY IN YOUR POCKETS...

...I KILLED YOU BECAUSE YOU CALLED ME A CREEP... I'M NOT THE CREEP YOU ARE THE CREEP... AND I KILLED YOU BECAUSE OF ONE OTHER REASON...

...BECAUSE ALL MY LIFE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CALLING ME A CREEP WITHOUT A REASON TO... I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL EARN A FILTHY LABEL...



...THAT'S WHY I KILLED YOU... DO YOU WANT ANY MORE REASONS? ...CREEP...



THE DEAD THINGS

...HERE STARTS TALE NUMBER 4...

WRITTEN BY STUART WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLARROTE



WITNESS HOW THE FUNERAL... BEING BURIED IN THIS WRETCHED PIT IS ANNE CONNALLY...

OH ANNE... DEAR ANNE... YOU WERE SO YOUNG... SO FULL OF LIFE...



...BELOVED WIFE OF WALTER CONNALLY... FOR HOW HE IS ALONE IN THIS WORLD...

IT'S THE ONLY PLACE...



ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST...

...WHEN SHALL WE SEE EACH OTHER, WALTER?

...OR SO IT SEEMED...

...TODAY... HERE... THE INSURANCE PEOPLE ARE WATCHING ARE LIKE HAWKS... THEY'RE SUSPICIOUS... WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...



MY GOD MY FOOT!

SOMETHING COMING OUT OF THE GRAVE... RUN!



SINCE THE ACCIDENT THE INSURANCE COMPANY HADN'T TAKEN THEIR EYES OFF ME

...WAS THERE A PROBLEM WITH THE "PLANNED" ACCIDENT?

NO PROBLEM... THEY FOUND HER AT THE CLIFF WALL NEAR OUR COTTAGE... LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT... SHE WAS INSURED FOR 60 GRAND... SHE WAS IN A HUNDRED BITS WHEN THEY FOUND HER ON THE ROCKS...

...SHE RUNS...
AND SHE FALLS...

...AND THE
HAND THAT
CAME OUT OF
THE GRAVE...

CLOSES
AROUND
HER NECK
AND HOLDS
HER...

...WHILE A FEW FEET AWAY THE
BELOVED HUSBAND TO ANNE IS
BEING PULL THROUGH THE
EARTH... INTO THE EARTH...
BELOW THE EARTH...

OH, GOD!
MY
GOD!



...AND NEARBY
THE HAND OF ANOTHER
DEAD-THING BEGINS TO
CLOSE AND
CHOKES THE
LIFE OUT
OF THE GIRL-
FRIEND...

...AND THEN IT TOO RETURNS BELOW
TO WHERE IT BELONGS... MOST OF THE TIME
...AND LEAVES BEHIND IT ANOTHER DEAD
THING ABOVE...







...THIS IS SIMON WALKER, A NEAR-DEAD
MAN, SAVED FROM DEATH BY A
REGULAR BRAND OF FATE... HE WAS
STRANDED IN THIS AFRICAN DESERT
AFTER A TORNADO DEVASTATED HIS
JEEP AND LEFT HIM WITHOUT FOOD OR
WATER... NOW HE IS SAVED FROM
DEATH, AND'LL RETURN TO NATIVE-
ENGLAND WITH A PET... ONE WHO IS
THE STAR-CHARACTER OF THIS TALE:

THE VULTURE

WRITTEN BY JOE BONVITA

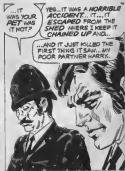
ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO



...THIS IS SIMON WALKER AGAIN... IF HE LOOKS SOMEWHAT **DIFFERENT** IT'S BECAUSE HE IS NOW AT HOME IN MORE FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS... AND IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT ENGLAND IS MORE PEACEFUL THAN THE **SAHARA DESERT**...



...AND SOON YOU WILL BE READY FOR YOUR FIRST HUMAN KILL... YOUR FIRST... AND YOUR LAST... ..FOR YOU ARE TRAINED FOR ONE SOLE KILL... AND THEN YOUR LIFE IS WORTH NOTHING TO ME...



THE **VULTURE** ESCAPED WITHOUT WOUND FROM WALKER'S GUNFIRE, BUT HIS **BRAIN** WAS INJURED... FOR THE MAN HE THOUGHT WAS HIS FRIEND AND MASTER WAS **NOT**... HE HAD **SHOT** AT HIM AFTER HE DID HIS BIDDING...

...AND HE MUST HAVE HIS **REVENGE** ON THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HIM TO **KILL** WITHOUT **JUST CAUSE**...



...AND WHEN THE ATROCIOUS ATTACK ENDED IN THE **DEATH** OF WALKER, THE **VULTURE** LEFT HIM LYING IN HIS **BED** OF **BLOOD**... LEFT **ENGLAND** ON HIS WAY **SOUTH**... BACK TO THE **SAHARA**...



...SOME DAYS LATER, IN A SMALL FRENCH VILLAGE, A YOUNG BOY IS STARTLED AT THE SIGHT OF SO FOREIGN A VISITOR...



WHAT ARE YOU?



...MY SCHOOL-BOOK PICTURES SAY YOU'RE... A CULTURE... BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN FRANCE BY YOURSELF?

...NO MIND... YOU WILL COME WITH ME AND BE MY COMPANION... IF YOU WILL KILL RATS AND OTHER PESTS I'M SURE MY FATHER WILL LET ME KEEP YOU...



GET THAT FILTHY THING OUT OF HERE!

...BUT FATHER... HE CAN RID OUR FARM OF PESTS... HE CAN BE OF SERVICE TO US...

NO... WE HAVE CATS AND DOGS WHO KEEP THE RODENTS AWAY... THAT FILTHY BIRD IS MORE OF A PEST THAN THE ONES IT WOULD KILL...

DON'T WORRY... I AM DETERMINED YOU SHALL BE MY PET... I WILL HIDE YOU HERE IN A CORNER OF THE BARN WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE YOU...



...THE CULTURE AGAIN FELT HE HAD FOUND A HOME - AWAY FROM HOME AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP GROW BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS NEW COMPANION... THE BOY WOULD VISIT THE BARN AT EVERY FREE MOMENT AND FEED AND PLAY WITH THE BLACK BIRD OF DEATH...





...AGAIN REJECTED BY ONE WHO WOULD CALL HIMSELF FRIEND, THE VULTURE LEAVES FRANCE... FLYING SOUTH... FLYING SOUTH TO AFRICA AND HOME IN THE SAHARA...



...NOW PERCHED FOR ONLY A MOMENT BESIDE THE GREAT STONE SARGOLIES OF THE FRIEDBURG CATHEDRAL IN GERMANY, HE IS OBSERVED BY SEVERAL CURIOUS PASSERSBY BELOW...



WHAT IS THAT
...UP THERE?

...IT SEEMS
TO BE A CULTURE
... BUT WHAT IS IT
DOING IN
GERMANY?...

...BEFORE LONG THE VISITOR HAD ATTRACTED QUITE A GROUP OF WATCHERS... ONE OF WHOM WAS MORE THAN MERELY CURIOUS...



...THIS IS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY
FOR US... IF I CAN KNOCK HIM OUT WITH
THIS TRANQUILLIZER GUN WE WILL BE A
PRIZE EXHIBIT AT OUR FRIEDBURG
ZOO...



GOT 'IM



...IT WAS WITHOUT CEREMONY THAT THE KULTURE WAS TAKEN ALIVE FROM HIS FREEDOM... IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY THE UGLY PFFFT- OF AN AIR GUN... AND IT WAS WITHOUT PRIDE THAT SCIENCE WON OUT OVER NATURE... FOR SCIENCE KNOWS NO PRIDE...



...FOR DAYS THE CROWDS BEFORE HIS CAGE WERE UNCEASING... THEY CAME TO GAWK AND TO STARE AND SNICKER AT THE PROUD BIRD DEMEANED IN THIS UGLY FASHION...



...BUT ONE MAN IN THAT CROWD WAS MORE INTENT AND SERIOUS IN HIS INFATUATION... ONE MAN WHOSE EYES WERE AS BLACK AS THE VULTURES...



...AND WHEN NIGHT FELL HE SILENTLY RETURNED AND UNLOCKED THE CAGE... AND WITHOUT A WORD HE REMOVED THE BLACK BEAST WHO EYED HIM QUIETLY AND UTTERED NOT A SOUND LEST HE DISTURB HIS SAVOUR'S DEEP THOUGHTS...





AM MY PRETTY
LITTLE ONE...
HOW DOES IT
FEEL TO BE
FREE AGAIN?



KNOW NOW THAT
YOUR FUTURE FREEDOM
IS ASSURED... FOR I, THE
MASTER OF ALL THAT IS EVIL
AND ALL THAT IS LINKED
WITH DEATH, GUARANTEE
YOUR FUTURE...



...WE HEAD NOW FOR MY
CASTLE IN THE BALKANS...

...THERE YOU WILL BE MY
COMPANION... THERE YOU WILL
FEAST ON LIFE AS I DO AND
REPLENISH YOUR BLOOD-JUST
AS OFTEN AS YOU WISH...

...MIGHTY... AS DO I...
IF IT IS YOUR DESIRE...

AS SOON AS I SAW
YOU I KNEW WE WERE
OF KINDRED SPIRIT... WE
ARE BOTH BLACK
MONSTERS... WE ARE BOTH
DEAD... IN A WAY... AND WE
ARE BOTH SYMBOLS
OF EVIL...

I... LIKE YOU... HAVE THE
POWER TO BE A BIRD...

...A BAT...

...FREE TO SOAR THE NIGHT
SKIES IN SEARCH OF VICTIMS...

...AND LIKE YOU... I AM A
PARASITE... EXISTING OFF
THE DEAD AND
THE NEAR-
DEAD...

...WE ARE TWINS OF
EVIL YOU AND I... BLACK
BIRDS OF DEATH...

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

ARE YOU MAD?
WHAT... WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

...IN THE **MORNING** THE DRIVER PULLED THE COACH INTO THE COURTYARD OF THE **CASTLE**... IT WAS JUST-IN-TIME... FOR IF ANOTHER HOUR WERE TO PASS IT WOULD BE TOO **LIGHT** FOR THE VAMPIRE TO MAKE THE SHORT RUN FROM THE CARRIAGE TO HIS **DAY-CRYPT**...

...BUT WHEN THE DRIVER OPENED THE **COACH DOOR** HIS **MASTER** DID NOT **EXIT** IN HIS **USUAL** FASHION... RATHER THE **HALF-HUMAN-HALF-BAT** FORM OF A **DEAD-THING** FELL OUT ONTO THE GROUND IN A **HORRID BUNDLE**...



...THE **VULTURE** FLEW OUT THEN... AND OFF INTO THE CRISP MORNING SUNLIGHT... HEADED **HOME** AGAIN... HEADED HOME TO THE **SAHARA**...

...LOOKING **FORWARD** TO RETURNING TO ITS OWN **WING**... TO THE **LANDS OF DEATH** WHO FEED ON THE **DEAD**, AND NOT **EVER** ON THE **LIVING**...

...THE **VULTURE** WAS **SICKENED** BY MAN AND HIS **LUSTS** AND HIS **EVILS**... NOW IT ONLY WANTED TO **SIC HOME**... WHERE **LIFE** AND **DEATH** WERE MORE **SIMPLE** AND MORE **HONEST**...



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THIS IS JACK DANIELS' 150TH BIRTHDAY PARTY...

...NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND HOW HE LIVED TO THIS OLD AGE...EVERYBODY IS AMAZED AT THE FACT THAT OLD JACK STILL WORKS DAY TO DAY AT HIS NEWSPAPER REPORTER'S JOB... NOBODY CAN FIGURE OUT HOW HE STAYS SO YOUNG AND VIABLE, WITH THE STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE OF A MAN LESS THAN HALF HIS AGE...OLD JACK SAYS IT'S ALL BECAUSE HE EATS GOOD FOOD AND GETS A LOT OF EXERCISE...NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND OLD JACK... EVERYBODY WANTS TO CONGRATULATE HIM...

...EVEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...

MR. DANIELS...YOU MUST BE A VERY HAPPY MAN TODAY...AN INCREDIBLE MAN TO BE CELEBRATING YOUR 150TH BIRTHDAY...

YESSUH...WELL, EVARODY 'ROUND HE'AR BEN' REAL NICE TO MEET'DAY...SEEMS LIKE IT'S A REAL OCCASION...

IT IS, MR. DANIELS... IT CERTAINLY IS... WE OFFER YOU OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS...

AND SO STARTS
TALE #6

THE ANCIENT ONE

WRITTEN BY HOWIE MORROW
ILLUSTRATED BY EDGARDO VILLAMORTE

...THEY ALL CROWDED AROUND OLD JACK AFTER THE PHONE CALL...GAVE HIM GIFTS... CONGRATULATED HIM...SAID THEY WERE PROUD TO KNOW HIM...AND OLD JACK WAS HAPPY...



...FOR A FEW DAYS EVERYBODY STOPPED THE OLD MAN ON THE STREET AND SHOOK HIS HAND... BUT-- AFTER A FEW DAYS EVERYTHING SETTLED DOWN TO NORMAL...

ONE DAY JACK WAS PAID A VISIT BY A COUPLE OF INVESTIGATORS FROM THE FBI... HE'D ACQUIRED A REPUTATION OVER THE YEARS AS A MAN WHO COULD REMEMBER JUST ABOUT **EVERYTHING** HE'D PRINTED IN HIS PAPERS...

HOW YEW DO GENTLEMEN... TAKE A SEAT...

THIS IS INSPECTOR BRIAM, AND I'M AGENT SEAGRAMS.

COULD YOU ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS FOR US, SIR?

...YOU NO DOUBT ARE AWARE OF THE RECENT RASH OF UNUSUAL INCIDENTS HERE!

WHY... NO, I WASN'T...

MANY OFFICIALS ARE INCLINED TO BELIEVE IT'S AN OUTBREAK OF VAMPIRISM...

...YOU **DO** KNOW ABOUT THE ONES IN THE PAST?

OH, YES... I KNOW 'BOUT THEM... WORST OUTBREAK WAS BACK IN '08... SINCE THEN THERE'S BEEN A FEW ISOLATED ATTACKS...

WHAT'S YOUR OPINION? DO YOU THINK IT'S VAMPIRISM?

YEW DON'T BELIEVE IT **IS** REALLY VAMPIRISM, DO YOU? THE POLICE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT **BACK THEN**... NOBODY BELIEVED ME...

THOUGHT I WAS JUST AN OLD FOOL... I WAS OLD EVEN IN '08 TOO YOU KNOW...

YOU KNOW OF THOSE OLD DAYS... WHICH IS WHY WE'VE COME TO YOU... PERHAPS YOU MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE TO WHY THIS TOWN HAS SUCH A HISTORY OF... VAMPIRISM...



"I WAS A REPORTER IN THEM DAYS...
SITTIN' BEHIND A DESK PUSHIN' A PENCIL-
LIKE I AM THESE DAYS...I JUSTA BUST-UP
ALL KINDS OF CRIMES THE POLICE
COULDN'T FIGURE OUT...THE
'VAMPIRE MURDERS' THEY
CALLED 'EM..."



"TH' THING JUS' KEPT APPEARIN' AT
NIGHT IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF TOWN
AN' KILLED OFF MEN, WOMEN...
ANYBODY..."



"I HUNTED OUT
TH' THING EVERY
NIGHT FOR A
MONTH UNTIL ONE
NIGHT I SAW IT IN
AN ALLEY KILLIN'
A YOUNG GIRL...
SHE WAS SCREAMIN'
HER HEAD OFF...
WURST SOUND I
EVER HEARD..."



"I CHARGED AFTER THE THING AND CORNERED
IT...IT WAS A VAMPIRESS...MOST BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG WOMAN I'D EVER SEEN...I WOULD'A
COURTED HER IF IT WASN'T FOR WHAT SHE
WAS...ANYWAY, I HAD MY VAMPIRE KILLIN'
EQUIPMENT WITH ME..."



"...AND I KILLED IT
ALL RIGHT... DROVE A
STAKE INTO ITS HEART
...IT FELL TO THE
GROUND AND CRUMPLED
UP...FADED TO DUST..."

NO ONE WOULD *BELIEVE* ME
WHEN I TOLD THEM I KILLED
THE VAMPIRE...

I HAD NO PROOF...THERE WAS
NO *BODY* 'CAUSE IT 'JUS' DECAYED
INTA *DUST*...

...OF COURSE THE KILLIN'S
STOPPED ALL RIGHT...STILL NOBODY
BEHEVED IT WAS A *VAMPIRE*...
THEY FIGURED IT WAS SOME
LOONEY WHO HAD LEFT
TOWN...



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE
ATTACKS SINCE...EVERY FEW
YEARS THERE'S ANOTHER
ATTACK...

WELL...I DON'T
KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT
'EM...MUST BE *ANOTHER*
VAMPIRE I GUESS...



WELL...
YOU'VE BEEN A *GREAT*
HELP, SIR...

THANK YOU, GR...

ANYTIME, GENTLEMEN
...ANYTIME. YEW WANT
HELP YEW 'JUS' COME TO
OL' JACK...AN' HE'S ONLY
TOO HAPPY TO *OBLIGE*...





YOU'RE AT
IT AGAIN,
AREN'T YOU?

...DON'T BE
ANGRY WITH
ME, JACK...

YOU'RE DAMN
RIGHT AN' I'M
ANGRY, ALICE!

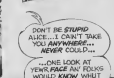


HOW'S AN SUPPOSED TO
KEEP YOU HID AN' SAFE FUM THE
LAW IF 'N YOU'RE GONNA KEEP
GOIN' OUT AN' ATTACKIN' PEOPLE
EVERY FEW YEARS!

YOU DON'T OWN ME,
JACK... JUST 'CAUSE
YOU HAD ME ALL
THESE YEARS
DON'T MEAN YOU
OWN ME...



NOW LISTEN TO ME,
ALICE... IF IT WEREN'T
FER ME YOU'D BE
DEAD BY NOW...



DON'T BE STUPID
ALICE... I CAN'T TAKE
YOU ANYWHERE...
NEVER COULD...

...ONE LOOK AT
YEW, FACE AN' FOLKS
WOULD KNOW WHAT
YOU ARE...



"I KNOW THAT, JACK, BUT...
I'M A WOMAN... YOU NEVER
TAKE ME OUT OF THE HOUSE...
YOU NEVER GIVE ME ANY NEW
CLOTHES... I GOT A RIGHT TO
A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT,
JACK... I'M JUST LIKE EVERY-
BODY ELSE..."



WELL, I'M GETTING
PRETTY SICK AN' TIRED
OF THIS EXISTENCE,
JACK... I CAN'T TAKE
IT
ANY
MORE!!

YEH?

WELL, I CAN'T TAKE YOU
ANYMORE EITHER...



...IN CASE OF WHAT?

OH WHY, JACK... WHY'D YOU HAVE TO DO IT... I LOVED YOU, JACK.

JACK... JACK... I'M DYING...

BEFORE... I DIE COME CLOSE TO ME AND KISS ME...

I... I'M SORRY ALICE... I... I LOST MY HEAD... FORGIVE ME!



UUUGH...

IF I HAVE TO DIE, JACK...

...SO DO YOU!!



AAAND JACK NOO!!

...IN CASE I WANTED TO KILL YOU...



THERE IT IS AGAIN... I KNEW I HEARD A SCREAM A SECOND AGO...

I KNEW IF WE WAITED HERE LONG ENOUGH WE'D FIND OUT THE OLD GUY WAS INVOLVED IN THIS...



...I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE LAST 6 TALES
SO CALLED: THE TALES OF THE MAN MACABRE
BECAUSE THEY ARE MY TALES...

...FOR I AM THE
MAN-MACABRE...

...NOW I WILL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS...
FIRST, WHY ARE THEY MY TALES?...

...WELL BECAUSE I AM HORROR... I AM MAN
AND I AM ALL OF THE EVILS AND HORRORS YOU
READ OF IN THE STORIES...

IN THE STORY: THE VAMPIRE, I WAS COUNT DRACULA, THE
SYMBOLIC EMBODIMENT OF ALL THAT IS SUPERSTITION
... AND IN THE WEREWOLF I WAS FATE WHO ACTED IN
MANY EVIL WAYS AND DESIGNS... AND IN THE CREEP
I WAS MAN-AGAINST-HIMSELF ALMOST THE WORST
OF ALL POSSIBLE HORRORS...

WRITTEN BY HARVEY KATZBERG
ILLUSTRATED BY EMILIO

...IN THE DEAD-THING
I WAS LUST... AND IN THE
VULTURE I WAS MANY
THINGS, GREED AND
JEALOUSY AND HATE...
AND IN THE ANCIENT ONE
I WAS FEAR AND
STUPIDITY...

...SO YOU SEE, I AM A
SYMBOL... OF HORROR,
OF MAN, AND THEREFORE
OF EACH OF YOU... AND
YOUR MACABRE
EMOTIONS...

...THIS IS TALE #7...

OH... I'M
SO TIRED...

OH ME OH ME...
IF I DON'T HURRY
I'LL BE LATE!

THE THING IN THE SPACE

EMILIO BERNARDO







...IT'S LOCKED...
I CAN'T GET OUT
OF THIS HORRIBLE
PLACE...

...I FEEL AWFUL...
I'M IN SOME DREADFUL
UNKNOWN PLACE...IT'S
LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF
A HORROR-MOVIE...
I EXPECT A MAD
SCIENTIST TO POP-OUT
OF NOWHERE AT
ANY SECOND...

...I'M NOT A
SCIENTIST, BUT I
AM MAD!



GOOD GRIEF...
A MAD CAT!

YOU HIT IT
RIGHT ON THE
NOSE, KID! TELL ME, DON'T
YOU LIKE IT HERE?

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

I DECIDED
TO VANISH... YOU
CAN DO WHATEVER
YOU LIKE HERE,
YOU KNOW?

NO I DON'T...
FOR ONE THING,
I DIDN'T WANT
TO COME
HERE... I AM A
VICTIM OF
CIRCUMSTANCE...

...BUT
YOU'RE STILL
SMILING... AND
YOUR TEETH
ARE WEIRD...



AAAAAAA



YOU BIT ME... WHY DID YOU
DO THAT... I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING TO YOU!

...IT WAS PUNISHMENT
FOR LYING... YOU SAID
YOU DIDN'T WANT TO
COME HERE BUT YOU
DID...

BUT IT
IS ONLY A
LITTLE
LIE...

...I ONLY
SAVE YOU A
LITTLE-BITE
LITTLE GIRL...



RELAX AND... AS LONG AS YOU DON'T DO NOTHING WRONG, NOTHING WRONG WILL BEFALL YOU.

BUT I'M INNOCENT... I'M INNOCENT... I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG... I DON'T DESERVE TO BE DROWNED.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, NOBODY IS INNOCENT. EVERYBODY IS GUILTY... IN THE SECOND PLACE, YOU'RE NOT DROWNING...



THE QUEEN?

THIS IS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA... WE DON'T HAVE ANY QUEENS HERE!!

THIS IS NOT THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND HERE WE DO HAVE A QUEEN...

WHO ARE
YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU
SMOKING... IS THAT
A HOOKAH?

I'M SMOKING A CURIOUS
COMBINATION OF GROUND
CELERY, ADDITIVES, DUTCH
ELM LEAVES, VANILLA
EXTRACT AND 2oz. OF
SUGAR...

I HARDLY KNOW,
LITTLE LADY, JUST AT
THE PRESENT - AT LEAST
I KNOW WHO I WAS
WHEN I GOT UP THIS
MORNING, BUT I THINK I
MUST HAVE CHANGED
SEVERAL TIMES SINCE
THEN...

...?

OH GOSH...
MONSTERS
ATTACKING
US...

NO... NOT US...
JUST ME... THEY
ARE MY DEMONS...
THEY ATTACK ME
REGULARLY...

...LIKE CLOCKWORK...

...DO NOT BE TOO AFRAID
LITTLE GIRL... THEY ARE MY
CONSTANT TORMENTORS...
THEY WILL NOT HARM YOU...





...OH I MUSTN'T
BE LATE I MUSTN'T
BE LATE...

...STOP...
STOP...

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS
LOOKING AT THAT STOPWATCH.
ARE YOU AFRAID OF BEING
LATE FOR SOMETHING... I
THOUGHT YOUR INNER -
WORLD WAS SO
DIFFERENT FROM
MINE...

...NOT DIFFERENT...
ONLY HONEST...
WHICH OF COURSE
MAKES IT
DIFFERENT...

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

TO THE
WHAT?... I
DON'T WANT
TO COME...

TO THE
HORROR
HATTER'S
TEA PARTY...

...BUT YOU
MUST... YOU
MUST... YOU'RE
INVITED!!

...LISTEN... I DON'T WANT
TO GO. I DON'T WANT TO
GO I TELL YOU...

...BUT YOU
MUST... YOU'RE
EXPECTED!!!

...YOU'RE NOT ASLEEP ALICE...
...THIS IS NO CHILDREN'S STORY...
...THIS ADVENTURE CHILD IS
REALLY HAPPENING...
HOW COME...

I DON'T LIKE THIS... SO FAR MY
ADVENTURE HAS BEEN EXACTLY LIKE AN
OLD CHILDREN'S TALE MY SISTER READ TO ME...
I THINK I'M ASLEEP AND AT THE END OF MY
ADVENTURE I'LL WAKE UP... IT DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING IN THE STORYBOOK ABOUT A HORROR-HATTER...

...IT WAS
A MAD
HATTER...



WHY... YOU ALL LOOK PERFECTLY NORMAL!!

WE DO!

...COME AND JOIN IN THE PARTY!



NO... THERE'S NO ROOM... UNLESS OF COURSE WE GET RID OF THE RODENT...

...LET'S GET RID OF THIS MOUSE SO THAT ALICE WILL HAVE A SEAT. WE'LL STUFF HIM INTO THE TEAPOT AND HE'LL DROWN LIKE A RAT!

BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM...



YOU KILLED HIM... YOU'RE ALL FIENDS...

...FIENDS? A HARSH WORD TO UTTER FROM SUCH SWEET YOUNG LIPS AS YOURS LITTLE GIRL...

AAAAMYGOD YOU'RE ALL INSANE

...BUT IF YOU INSIST...

OFF WITH HER HEAD!

WHAT? WHAT?

THE QUEEN
ORDERED HER HEAD
OFF... SO IT SHALL
BE...

1 CONCUR...
SHE SHOULD HAVE
HER HEAD
REMOVED!!

STOP CHILD! YOU CANNOT RUN IN MY PRESENCE...

...DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

♣

...I'LL RUN IF I WANT...
I WANT TO GET OUT OF
HERE...

NO...AND
I DON'T
CARE!!

... OFF
WITH HER
HEAD!!



SO ENDS TALE #7... NOW
YOU MAY WONDER, WHAT WAS THE
SYMBOL OF HORROR IN THE
THING IN THE SPACE?...
TO ANSWER THAT I DEFINE
FOR YOU OUR TITLE...

... THE SPACE IS THE SPACE LEFT IN YOUR MIND
WHEN YOUR BRAIN LEAVES... AND THE THING IS WHAT
TAKES ITS PLACE... LUNACY...

... ALICE'S DREAM WAS ONLY A DREAM, BUT
WHEN SHE WOKELUP HER MIND DIDN'T...

... ALICE IS MAD...

... THE HORROR KNOWN AS INSANITY
IS THE WORST HORROR OF THEM ALL...



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the most compelling
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TOMB OF HORROR

you gotta SEE
'H'
to BELIEVE
'H'

- Introducing -

TOMB OF HORROR

a HORROR-MOOD illustrated horror magazine to be released in the SPRING-SUMMER of 1974 — the first issue is destined to become a collector's item so WATCH for it

